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THE TOURIST IN THE LAND OF THE TSAR.

By FRED WHISHAW, Author of *Out of Doors in Tsarland*.

In case any of my readers should contemplate taking a trip to St Petersburg, I propose to preface my remarks upon policemen and *isvoschicks* (cab-drivers) which are to supply the *leit-motif* for this paper, by giving a few practical hints for the encouragement and instruction of tourists. In the first place, then, let not those who would see Russia be deterred by any craven fears for their personal safety; nothing will happen to them. Russia is as safe for the ordinary, innocent tourist as any other country, and is more interesting than some. The traveller—unless he is indiscreet enough to photograph fortresses or practise pistol-shooting in the streets, or to indulge in any similar foolish enterprises—will come and go unquestioned, and there is no danger whatever of his being sent 'to a distant locality,' as Siberia is officially referred to. I have frequently been asked whether it is 'safe' to visit Russia. Most unquestionably it is safe for respectable, law-abiding people; as safe as England, and probably safer than France. Only let the traveller provide himself with a passport, and have it *visé* according to the legal requirements of the country he desires to visit, and no one will interfere with him in any way whatever. On the contrary, the Russian hotel-people will be very glad of his company, and will take care that he is made comfortable, and no one will suspect him of harbouring wicked designs, or wish to do him an injury. Why should they? Every traveller is not a Nihilist or a suspected one. The Russian police are very well aware whom it is necessary to watch, and who may be left in peace, and the timid tourist may rest assured that he runs a greater risk at home by reason of his own anarchist neighbours than he will in Russia on account of the Nihilists and Nihilism.

Therefore, fear nothing, timid tourist, but buy your ticket by land or sea—and away with you.

Seven or eight pounds will, I believe, buy you a return ticket by sea from Hull or London to St Petersburg direct, and six shillings and sixpence per diem will be added thereto for your food. By land twelve pounds will purchase a first-class single ticket and about eight or nine pounds will suffice for second-class, the journey occupying only two days and a half by land, or six by sea. Be provided with a passport, as aforesaid (your banker will get it for you), and travel with a quiet mind, for your friends will not have to bewail your disappearance in an easterly direction or to search for you 'Per inhospitalem Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes!' but will greet you, restored to them at the expiration of your return ticket, safe and happy, and determined to repeat your visit at the earliest opportunity!

But let us suppose that you have been persuaded to undertake the journey, or that you have never experienced that mistrust which so many would-be visitors appear to entertain for the country of the Tsar and his people, and are arriving, a stranger and friendless, at the station in St Petersburg; your best course is now to look out for the commissionaire of one of the hotels, give him your luggage-ticket, and engage an *isvoschick* to take you to the hotel you have chosen. This may be either the Hotel Angleterre, which is a good one and not so expensive as the Demouth, or the Grand or the Europe or the France, though all these are also excellent. You will find a strange group of men congregated without the station door, dressed in long, shabby kaftans, which are a cross between a dressing-gown and an ulster, but favouring the dressing-gown; these are the *isvoschicks*, and the clamouring with which they assail your ears as you stand aghast and listen to their excited exclamations, is the expression of their desire to convey you to your destination. Stand not, now, upon the order of your going, but go at once; do not pause to select one, or you will be torn in pieces by the rest, or your clothes will, so great is the longing of each to receive your custom; jump into the nearest *droschky* and say 'Hotel Angleterre,' or hotel any-

thing else, and then—well, then sit tight and hold on, if you can! There is not much to hold on to, certainly; but grip what you can, the man's waistband if nothing else offers, or you are a lost man. If you survive that first drive and reach the hotel in safety you may be quite sure that you have passed through the most disturbing experience, physically speaking, which you are likely to be called on to endure upon this planet; earthquakes, in future, need cause you no alarm; upheavals shall not remove you; you may smile at the thought of a trifling railway collision; for the passing of an old droshky (and most of these vehicles are very old indeed, though it should in justice be mentioned that some little improvement in these dreadful vehicles has been noticeable of late years) over the cobbles and in and out of the unattended holes in the road is worse than all these things, and will cause the inexperienced tourist to jump about in his seat like a pea on a drum-head; and if—after one of his soarings into space—he happens to alight in the road (which is a hard road) instead of back in his seat or on the top of the *isvoschick's* head, and the latter drives away in ignorance of his departure, do not let him be surprised, for have I not warned him? But perhaps the tourist will ask—Why must the droshky be driven into the unattended holes? Why not skirt them? Have we not been informed that the roads are very wide? There must be plenty of room to pass by where there is no yawning abyss in the road-way!

Gentle reader, it is part of the game to visit each hole in succession; and as for the driver skirting them, he is not in a position to do anything of the sort, for he is fast asleep and the little animal between the shafts has your interests in hand from the first moment of your departure until that of your arrival at your destination. The *isvoschick* is on the box, certainly, but if he is not asleep he is sitting round in his place conversing affably with his fare. In your case he will sleep, of course, because he knows you are a newly-arrived Englishman and cannot entertain him with conversation. In any case, his share of the duty of driving you to the hotel begins and ends in his holding of the reins; the horse does all the rest, and you may trust him to do it fairly well on the whole; only you must leave to his judgment the matter of selecting the holes he prefers to drop you into on the way, and also how far he desires to run in order to reach your ultimate destination. As a rule, he will visit all the holes he can see, for he dearly enjoys the fun of himself avoiding an abyss, but deftly steering the right or left wheel of the droshky into it; and after all this is the poor creature's only relaxation from his really arduous and responsible duties. As to the distance to any particular point, that depends a good deal upon chance, for your horse will follow the droshky next in front of him, and if that happens to be journeying in a direction

diametrically opposite to your own, you are likely to be taken a good bit out of your way. But this need not discourage or disconcert you—there's no hurry in Russia; our word 'instantly' is translated by them into 'this hour,' which reflects with great accuracy the usual happy-go-lucky condition of the Russian mind. Nothing need be done under an hour, not even a drive of a couple of hundred yards. Your driver will wake up presently and look about him; then he will see that he has gone a little astray, and will scratch his head and pull the pony round, and grunt something and fall asleep again, and the horse will have another shot at reaching the desired destination by following a second droshky, and so on. You need not worry about it; keep an even mind and you will eventually arrive at the hotel, unless you are shot out into the road and run over by a *liatch* before you have time to get out of his way. A *liatch* is also an *isvoschick*, but of a very different class: he is paid about five times as much and goes more than five times as fast; he knows where he wants to get to, and never falls asleep, neither does he drive you in and out of the holes in the road; he is fairly clean and smart for a Russian, and his droshky is an infinitely superior article, for it is provided with springs which are not tied up with cord, and with a cushion which does not necessarily cause its occupier to revile that destiny which brought him into a planet wherein the cushions are stuffed with jagged bits of paving-stone and old iron. Well, well; *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*; if we go to Russia we must not be too particular as to being bumped about in droshkies; it is painful, no doubt, to be shot up skywards and to alight on the low bulwark of the droshky seat, but those who object to the driving had better walk—and there's an end of the matter. My advice to the tourist is to walk whenever he can. Our English bones are not adapted to Russian driving; they will not do at all; they are useful to us at home, and we risk too many of them in gaining an experience of the Russian droshky; therefore let us be content to wear out our boots and at the same time to preserve our bones for use when we return to England.

When you reach the hotel, give your passport to the proprietor or to the hall-porter; he will see that the authorities get it; for the police must enter you in their register, and will require to 'write you off' again before your departure. All this will give you no trouble and need cause you no alarm; for it is merely the regular working of the system. It is even a protection to the tourist, and not a danger, to be properly entered and pigeon-holed by the authorities; for he is then under the protection of the police and is recognised and treated by them as a respectable visitor, to be left alone in peace and allowed to depart in peace whenever he likes, unless he proves himself to be an enemy to the state. Should the stranger act in a manner to rouse the suspicions of the police—by which I mean the third section, or detective department, which is invisible and ubiquitous and knows everything, or nearly everything—he will rightly get himself into trouble; he will be watched and dogged, and,

when the official mind is made up as to his guilt, he will be pounced upon. Mistakes are rarely made by the Russian police, and when an arrest is effected, it may be assumed with considerable certainty that, whatever may be said or protested by the victim, there has been good reason.

All this is not in the least degree alarming for the ordinary traveller, who should surely feel that his innocence is his best protection in a country where the police department is so ably managed that his harmlessness is certain to be recognised just as quickly as his political guilt would be, if it existed.

Therefore, let the new arrival give up his passport and think no more of the police force, save and except to laugh at the dress and general appearance of the 'town-man,' or street constable, whom he will see here and there at the corners in his long kaftan and sword, and with his grim countenance set in an expression of implacable severity. These are not the real police of the country, though they belong to one section of that wonderful force. These are harmless, brainless peasants, set here and there to direct the traffic of the streets and see to the safety of the drunken men, who are as common, alas! in the metropolis of Holy Russia as are the drinking-shops, and these constitute an altogether disproportionate share of the buildings in each thoroughfare. The real police are the invisible gentlemen of the 'third section,' who are everywhere, unknown to one another and to the world in general—always watching, always gathering knowledge of their fellow-citizens, always (whatever may be said to the contrary) acting for the safety of the innocent, but always accumulating evidence for the ruin of the guilty. This dreaded section will never interfere with you, Mr Tourist, so long as you behave with your usual discretion; therefore give up your passport, as I have advised, and reclaim it a few days before your departure; and now, having reached your hotel and arranged with the state for your protection and safety, go into the dining-room and see what the Russian cooks can do for you in the way of dinner. If you will take my advice you will taste a selection of the following: *Fresh caviare* (the real article); fish-soup, or crawfish soup: either of these will cause you to reflect on the advisability of throwing all English interests and considerations to the winds, and of permanently taking up your abode in a country where such delicacies are to be obtained. Then let the tourist try the game of the country—a 'double snipe' if he can get it; or a young *riab-chik* (tree-partridge); the former of these will, if he be still in doubt after the fascinations of crawfish soup, certainly cause him to send at once for his wife and furniture, and he will never return to England, excepting for a day or two now and again, in order to beat up other Englishmen to come over and eat double-snipe in the country of his adoption. As to drinking, he may drink anything he likes excepting Neva water; he had better not do that if it has not previously been boiled, unless he wishes to see what it is like to be down with the finest imitation of Asiatic cholera to be had in all Europe. For the rest, all the best wine goes to Russia I am told. I am also told that *vodka*, the national spirit, is very nice. As to the wine, it appears to me that you can get it good enough any-

where if you choose to pay for it; and with regard to the *vodka*, I am delighted to think that there are those who like it; as for me, I quote the Latin grammar: '*Sunt qui non habeant est qui non curat habere!*'

A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Philipof returned to his lodgings after having deposited his new friend in sanctuary, he found that the police had already done him the honour of calling upon him for an explanation of his conduct of the evening. Doonya's 'blood-hounds' had, of course, recognised him, and these having reported his proceedings at the department, the authorities there quickly became anxious to learn why and how he came to be implicated in the affairs of the student and Doonya. Sasha found that his papers had been turned topsy-turvy, and his bed, cupboard, sofa, chairs, and everything he possessed ransacked for incriminating documents. All this did not alarm him in the very least, however, for two reasons. One was that he was by this time quite accustomed to the attentions of the police, having had a good deal to do with them during the past five years or so; and the other because he well knew that he possessed no incriminating documents whatever, and that, with the best intentions to convict him, the police must utterly fail if they relied upon documentary evidence.

They might, indeed, and probably would arrest him for the part he had played in assisting the revolutionists to escape; but he trusted to a plain recital of the truth to vindicate his behaviour. After all, he would point out, there was nothing to show that the assailants of Doonya and her companion were members of the police force—they wore no uniform—and any man would do his best to assist any woman whom he found being assaulted in the streets. So Philipof went to bed not only without alarming reflections as to what the morrow would bring forth, but actually feeling far happier than he had felt for years. His adventure had given him quite a zest for life.

When he awoke in the morning and reflected upon the events of the evening and night, Philipof was quite surprised to find how much he was looking forward to seeing Doonya again, and how his mind seemed to dwell on her appearance: the sweet expression of her eyes and the pretty way in which her fair hair grew over the forehead, and the calm, kindly intelligence that seemed to be the natural and permanent characteristic of her face. In spite of the lateness of the hour at which he had retired to rest, Philipof was up betimes, and had actually left his lodging for his post at the grain wharves half-an-hour or so before the usual time. He found barge No. 15, the little vessel within whose cabin Doonya lay concealed, being busily loaded with its cargo of wheat, and nearly ready to be towed away to Cronstadt, where the goods would be reshipped into the large English steamer which should carry them

to London or Hull for ultimate consumption at British breakfast-tables. Ivan the skipper, recovered from his devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, superintended the stowing away of the big sacks of grain brought on board by hand and shot into the hold one by one from the broad shoulders of the *kruishniks*. Philipof beckoned him up.

'Ivan,' he said, looking stern, 'you were drunk last night.'

'Exactly so, your Charitableness,' said Ivan, as though he were a school-child answering a question.

'You know what the penalty for drunkenness is, according to the rules of our employers?'

'Exactly so, your Charitableness,' said Ivan.

'What is it?'

'The sack, your Mercifulness.'

'Are you dissatisfied with your post, Ivan?'

'By no means, your Mercifulness; I am very well satisfied with it.'

'Then why have you behaved so as to lose it?'

Ivan scratched his head. Then he crossed himself. Then he went through the gesture of spitting on the ground.

'It was the will of Providence that I should get drunk yesterday,' he said; 'it was the names-day of my brother. My brother wished me to drink with him; how could I refuse? My brother was also drunk, very drunk. All the Sergeys were drunk yesterday; it was their holiday.'

'But you are not a Sergey; you are an Ivan!' observed Philipof.

'But the brother of a Sergey, your Mercifulness, and for that reason—for this once—I am hoping that your Charitableness will overlook'—

'See here, Ivan,' said Philipof; 'I have no right to overlook your fault. My duty is to report your conduct to the firm' (Ivan removed his cap and scratched his head, which was all over chaff and flour from the wheat), 'but I am going to betray my trust and forgive you this time on condition that the lady who is down below'—('I noticed there was a lady there,' said Ivan casually)—'remains undiscovered and unmolested. No one is to see her or to know she is there; do you understand, Ivan?'

'Why, bless you, Barin,' said Ivan, 'it is no affair of ours if you load the whole barge with ladies. Are we to tranship her at Cronstadt with the wheat?'

'Fool!—no! She is to remain where she is until you return here. If I then find that she is safe, and that neither you nor your wife have allowed her presence to be known to any single creature, I shall say nothing about your drunkenness yesterday. The moment I learn that you have spoken of a lady being on board I report your fault, and out you go.'

'Have mercy, Barin! Is it likely that I should speak of it? Fear nothing, your Mercifulness; bring as many ladies as you like, no one shall disturb them here.'

Philipof, having settled with Ivan, interviewed the skipper's wife, to whom he repeated the conditions upon which Ivan's drunkenness was to be condoned. Avdotia declared that in any case the lady was perfectly safe with her; such a charming *barushnya* would surely be safe anywhere. Doonya had been 'making the running,' appar-

ently, already. Then Philipof descended to the cabin, the merest den of a place, about five feet square, half-kitchen and half-sleeping hole, and here he found Doonya, radiant and happy in spite of the extreme discomfort of the accommodation, and full of smiling gratitude towards her preserver, as she insisted upon calling Philipof. She felt perfectly safe here, she said, and Avdotia was going out presently to buy her a few necessary clothes—she had a little money. Even the astute bloodhounds of the Third Section would never dream of looking for her here.

She would have to make a journey, Sasha explained, during the afternoon. The lighter would float down the river when loaded, and be tugged by a small steamer to Cronstadt.

'A sea voyage!' cried Doonya, clapping her hands. 'How delightful!' She could come up on deck at dusk and take the air. She would be at Cronstadt a few days and then be brought back to this place for a further cargo, Philipof continued, and if she felt safe here she would feel still more secure when in the open gulf between St Petersburg and Cronstadt and while in the harbour at the latter port. But she must never appear on deck excepting at dusk or by night.

All this Doonya delightedly promised to remember, and Philipof was more than ever pleased with his new friend, and thought he had rarely seen a prettier face than hers appeared this morning when relieved of the anxiety and agitation which had more or less disfigured it on the previous evening. Doonya looked ten years younger to-day.

The barge might be loaded and despatched at any moment, and as Philipof had other lighters to visit in his capacity of superintendent, he now bade Doonya farewell and *bon voyage*, adding that he hoped to see her safely back in a week, or at most a fortnight.

To his surprise, Doonya burst into tears, and, seizing his hand, covered it with kisses: he was 'her preserver, her hero,' she said, speaking but half-articulately; 'he had saved her from terrors she could not bear to think of, and now she was safe and he was still running risks for her sake—she could not let him go!'

Philipof soothed this demonstrative little Russian lady as well as he could, and took his departure, feeling a wonderful softness about the region of his heart, and quite a new, choky sensation at the throat. He went about his duties on winged feet, feeling absurdly elated and happy, and thinking a great deal more about Doonya and her delightful eyes and hair than of wheat and barges and other subjects which ought to have engaged his undivided attention.

When he returned to the place which barge No. 15 had lately occupied, he found the craft gone—a circumstance which for a moment he very irrationally regretted. The next instant, however, the feeling gave place to one of unbounded joy, for even as he stood and peered into the labyrinth of similar craft which crowded the river for a mile on either hand, hoping to catch sight of No. 15 in the distance, even though he would see nothing more romantic than its black hull, with perhaps old Ivan coiling a rope on deck, a couple of gendarmes strode up to the quay and politely requested him to follow them.

Philipof thanked God in his heart that this had

not happened an hour or two earlier. As it was, his arrest mattered nothing; but what if these men had arrived while he was in the cabin with Doonya, and had followed him down there?

(To be continued.)

IN QUEST OF MAHOGANY.

By ROWLAND W. CATER.

THE mahogany (*Swietenia Mahagoni*, L.) abounds in the forests on the Atlantic shore of Nicaragua, until lately known as the Mosquito Reservation; and the districts surrounding the Rivers Wawa and Wauks may be said to be the centre of the trade in this part of Central America; indeed, a large proportion of the timber sold in British markets as 'Honduras Mahogany' comes from the Mosquito forests.

During a visit to this coast in 1893, I took the opportunity to make myself acquainted with the methods of mahogany cutters, and accompanied a gang of these hard-working natives into the interior. The *cortadores*, as they are called, mostly Indians and Caribs, are often engaged by speculators, who advance them money and goods, the bare necessities of life, tools, &c. In return they contract to deliver a stated quantity of sound wood per annum, in *trozas* (pieces or logs) of a stipulated size, at a certain price. Whether the quantity of timber named in the contract is fixed too high intentionally I am unable to say, but it is a fact that the cutters seldom fulfil their obligations, and, in consequence, a balance of timber is generally due to the *patron*, who, however, is always ready to renew the contract on the same terms.

Much might be written about the waste of valuable timber, not mahogany, for which the methods of the *cortadores* are responsible. Whenever trees are felled, a track, wide enough for the hauling oxen, must be cut to the nearest river, thus destroying a vast number of saplings and trees of larger growth. But for this waste there is no apparent remedy. If light railways were introduced, tracks would have to be cut just the same. However, railways would be useful in tapping certain districts. At present the quantity of mahogany inaccessible, because too far from a navigable stream, is enormous.

About twenty miles from the mouth of the Wawa are some extensive sawmills, owned by Messrs Hoadley & Ingalls, pine merchants, of New York. These mills may be said to be the headquarters, on the Wawa, of the mahogany cutters, whose camps, generally twenty or twenty-five miles apart, are to be met with close to the river and its many branches far into the interior. The gangs number from ten to fifteen men, whose business it is to seek out, hew down, trim, haul, and float to the vessel's side, as many logs of mahogany as possible, for which they generally receive an annual salary, and a small commission upon every trunk in excess of a mutually agreed upon number.

After a brief stay at the manager's house, I left the sawmills on the 3d of October in a very large dugout manned by a gang of Caribs and Mosquito Indians, who were about to commence work. The felling is generally done in the dry season, that is, from October to May. Decidedly

primitive was the outfit of my companions. Each of the *cortadores* had a couple of axes, and their *machetes* to cut paths and defend themselves against wild beasts; one or two had also a pair of *espuelas* (climbing spurs). In addition, the boat carried chains and iron pins for fastening the logs together. A supply of provisions, *jicara* gourds, and a few garments in waterproof bags, completed the list of necessities. The oxen for hauling could not, of course, travel by water, nor would they be required immediately. It was understood that they would follow through the forest when a halting place had been chosen. After paddling some thirty miles, we camped on the bank of a branch stream running from the south.

Soon after sunrise next morning I left the camp in company of two Caribs, the *buscadores*, or seekers, both of whom spoke a little English. Honest fellows they were, of the negro type, and as merry as laborious. Each bore a *machete* and pair of *espuelas*. Entering the forest, they slashed out a path through the dense brushwood in the direction of some rising ground observed the previous day. At the first lofty tree, a cedar, they halted; and one of them, strapping on his climbing spurs, ascended to the topmost branches, whence he glanced in every direction. Descending in haste, he took off the *espuelas* and picked up his *machete*.

'It a' right, sah,' he exclaimed; 'big lot ober dere,' pointing in a direction at right angles to the path already cut. Both at once plunged into the undergrowth, the climber leading, and, except for unavoidable detours, guided me to a clump of mahoganies as straight as the bee flies.

In Nicaragua the *Swietenia Mahagoni* grows to a height of from seventy to a hundred feet; and its enormous dome of verdure, composed of small leaves in clusters of from five to ten, being generally of a much lighter hue than that of the other forest trees, the *buscadores* are able to distinguish it from a great distance.

On arriving, the Caribs cut their employers' mark on the bark of each tree. This done, the climber again took the lead, guiding us to another clump which he had perceived from the top of the cedar. These duly marked, we proceeded in quest of others through a forest mostly composed of tall cedars intermixed with palms, with here and there an arched doorway of natural creepers, chiefly convolvuli, leading into the undergrowth. Over our heads yellow fly-catchers perched, watching for insects; paroquets flew from bough to bough in couples; while from time to time a hollow tap-tap apprised us that the red-crested *carpintero* (woodpecker) had discovered an insect-infested branch or trunk.

Pushing on, we passed through a copse of calabash, or *jicara* trees (*Cucurbita lagenaria*), whose peculiar fruit is of the greatest utility. The gourds vary in size and shape, according to their age, some resembling a pineapple, others a large pumpkin, while others again are not unlike a huge bottle. The seeds of the *jicara* gourd are enclosed in a thin but hard shell, covered with a green pulp and outer skin. After six or eight hours' boiling, the pulp and seeds may be easily detached, when the shells will be found somewhat softened. Whilst they remain soft, the natives carve flowers, animals, and designs of various kinds upon them, and expose them to the sun to

dry and harden. The result is a great variety of handsome drinking-cups, bowls, bottles, saucers, and even spoons. Some of the designs are very beautiful, though the style of art is usually rather primitive. Throughout Nicaragua *jicaras* (drinking-cups) and *juacales* (bowls) are almost universally used instead of china, than which they cost less and last much longer.

Every Indian when travelling invariably carries his *jicara* gourd full of water or *aguardiente*, generally shaped like a bottle, and corked with an *hilote*, that is, an ear of maize from which the corn has been stripped. The *vagueros*, indeed, and all who ride much on horseback, would hardly know what to do without them. Drinking vessels of earthenware or glass would soon be shattered, whereas the gourds will bear the roughest usage and remain intact. It is the custom among the Indians to hang bits of rag on the *jicara* trees, or *Santa Cruz jicara*, as they term them, and to cross themselves when passing. Whether gratitude or superstition prompts them I am unable to say; probably the latter, grafted on some teaching of the priests; the rectangular branches bear a strong resemblance to the cross.

Some two hours before sunset we started back for our temporary camp, having discovered and marked between twenty and thirty mahoganies. Following the track cut in the early morning, we met the *cortadores*, who had felled and stripped the branches from a good number of the marked trees. As night was fast approaching, all returned to the camp together.

Next day, the *buscadores* having entered the forest in a new direction, I accompanied the cutters, who first hewed down the remaining trees previously marked, and then proceeded to choose routes and cut tracks to the river in readiness for the oxen. This was by far the most laborious part of the work, as will be evident when it is remembered that the huge logs would have to be hauled over the ground or on rollers, and that every hill, every bit of uneven land, would prove an almost impassable barrier. Some of the trunks were left to rot where they lay. The labour of removing them would have been too great, even if the task were possible.

Apropos of this, it is said there is a log lying near the south coast of Cuba which measures nine feet broad, six feet high, and twelve feet in length. Its weight has been estimated at eighteen tons, and it has been there many years. As it is too heavy to carry to a port, it is likely to remain until it rots. In 1823 a log of mahogany weighing seven tons was landed at Liverpool. It had then cost for freight and labour about £375. It was sold for £525, and in sawing it up into planks the purchaser expended £750 more. So that by the time it reached the hands of the cabinet-makers its cost had swelled to over £1100. But at that date prices for mahogany were fabulous.

In Nicaragua the largest trees are generally sound throughout, and the diametrical measurement of some of the trunks is almost incredible. Logs as at present imported into Great Britain and the United States run from one ton to four tons in weight, but as few steamship companies care to handle very heavy ones, big trees are generally cut into sections weighing from two to three tons.

The task of choosing and cutting roads to the river for the trees discovered and felled in two days occupied ten men the greater part of a week, by which time I had seen enough of mahogany cutting, especially as the almost incessant axe-strokes and clashing of boughs had frightened almost every living creature that might be called game, except the birds, to a safe distance. There was no sport to be had without a long tramp, which I was advised not to undertake alone, as I might encounter a hungry jaguar or puma. However, I stayed to see the oxen at work and the formation of the *almadia* or timber raft.

When a number of logs had been slowly and with great labour dragged to the camp, they were re-marked, numbered, and rolled into the river, where they were fastened together by means of the iron pins and chains, and of course moored fast to the bank.

It frequently happens that the pins are loosened by the constant strain of the current, and a log is wrenched free, and carried down stream at a tremendous speed. To prevent this, the captain of the camp visits the raft daily, with a barefoot *peon*, who mounts the raft, and with a heavy hammer drives the loose pins home. The term 'as easy as falling off a log' will be familiar to many. I think it must have originated at some timber camp, for I never realised how easy it was to fall off a log until I witnessed the performance of that Indian.

He was a tall fellow, lithe as a palm, and marvellously agile; indeed, the most active of the gang is invariably chosen for this dangerous work. Every log, almost without exception, began to revolve as soon as he sprang upon it, and used to the task as he evidently was, he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his footing. Not the least of the dangers were the alligators, which swarmed in the river, attracted by the offal thrown from the camp. They seemed to be aware of the Indian's peril too, for a number of them dived and swam under water in their oily manner to the logs, waiting underneath for the catastrophe which seemed certain.

The man did not fall, though once or twice the captain, a gigantic Carib, grew very excited, and shouted loudly in warning.

'He dead fo' sure, sah, if he drop,' he told me. 'De logs crush him to deat', an' de *aligador* eat him. No man climb on big log out of de water. It go round and round eb'ry time.'

And then he fell to shouting more warnings, for the current was very strong, and the logs, not yet fastened together securely for the voyage to the sea, were straining and tossing in an alarming manner.

It is usual, when the raft is considered big enough and the condition of the stream is favourable, to send a man in a boat to the mouth to warn the owner. The moorings are then cast off, and the timber entrusted to the current. I have seen several rafts on their way to the sea, stretching almost from bank to bank over two or three hundred yards of the river, and I did not envy the men whose duty it was to ride upon the timber throughout its voyage, to free it in case of entanglement, and prevent it from grounding on any of the numerous jutting sandbanks. As a rule they sit astride a log, never relaxing their vigilance for a moment, or their legs would cer-

tainly be crushed between the great trunks as they swing from one position to another. In many places the trees on either bank dip their branches into the stream. The raft races along, and the men in charge have to hold on for dear life lest they should be swept off into the water. Indeed, accidents, often fatal, are of frequent occurrence.

Not less perilous is the task of the 'slingers,' men who wait at the river's mouth, fix grappling irons to the raft, and make it fast to the bank in readiness for the trading vessel. The mass of logs descends the river at a great pace, for a time is usually chosen when the stream is in flood, so that the 'slingers,' each in his canoe, have to judge very accurately both the course and the speed. A collision means almost certain death, for the fragile canoe could scarcely escape being dashed to pieces, and the man would be thrown into the water, a prey for the legion of sharks which infest the mouths of all rivers running into the Caribbean Sea.

I remained with the *cortadores* rather more than a fortnight, then, as no boat could be spared, I set out by land for the sawmills, or rather for the village of Yulu, the first stage, which I had intended to visit if possible.

My guide was the wildest looking Indian I ever beheld. His name was Manuel. Emaciated and ragged, he turned up at the camp one day, where his fellow-countrymen gave him as much food as he could eat, treating him with the greatest respect, indeed. The Carib captain, who assured me that he would guide me safely, omitted to say that the man was mad. I had to find that out for myself. At Yulu I learned his history. Manuel had not always been a harmless lunatic. Not so long before he was one of the happiest Indians in Nicaragua, with a well-cultivated *hacienda* of his own, and as pretty a wife and children as one would wish to see. It is rather a commonplace story—in Nicaragua. A *mestizo*, one of the ruling race, took a fancy to Manuel's wife. She refused to leave her husband. For that reason he killed her and the children too. The *alcalde* might have laid hands on the murderer, but he did not; so poor Manuel's friends shot him. The *peon* went mad, which was the fate of hundreds, perhaps thousands, in the early days of Spanish rule.

He led me a most extraordinary wild-geese chase. Our proper route was almost due east, but I think Manuel tried every cardinal point of the compass in turn. We eventually reached Yulu, by which time I was almost as ragged as my guide, and desperately hungry. Except for a little fruit, found by the way, I had eaten scarcely anything for three days.

Yulu is a village of about five hundred inhabitants, Mosquito Indians of the pure type. It comprises about one hundred and fifty huts, built of bamboo, tied together with strips of raw hide and dried creepers, and roofed with grass and palm-leaves. I think it must have been Sunday when I arrived, but I am not quite sure, as I had lost count. Anyway, a religious service was being held in the house of Pastor Smith, a Jamaica negro attached to the Moravian Mission, to whom I luckily had a letter of introduction. The Indian congregation was just leaving when I reached the black, but estimable, clergyman's

residence, so that I had an excellent opportunity of studying their lithe and flexible forms and flat features.

Mr Smith met me at the door. His mouth and eyes opened their widest, which was not surprising, for I doubt if a white man half so disreputable in appearance had ever been seen in those parts.

'Sah, sah !' he exclaimed, 'I dink you gone an lose yourself in de bush. Whar you come from ?'

I explained and brought out the letter. I do not know how my friend the manager of the sawmills had described me, but the perusal had a remarkable effect upon Mr Smith. Addressing me as 'Yer Honour de Consul ob Her Britannic Majesty,' he begged me to make myself at home in his humble abode, and bustling about and shouting to the members of his family, he speedily set a square meal before myself and guide.

As I was wet through, and aching all over with a touch of fever, I ventured to ask him if he had any spirit in the house. Sadly he shook his head.

'No, sah. On'y ten, sah. De Missionary Board prohibit our consumin' de stronger drenk, sah.'

However, half-an-hour afterwards, when Her Britannic Majesty's supposed consul had gone to bed, he knocked at the door, and when I bade him enter, came in on tiptoe, with a very guilty look on his black face, and a bottle of 'Yellow-stone' whisky under his arm.

'May de Lord forgive his humble servant,' he murmured gravely, as he half-filled a small *jicara* with the spirit.

I tossed it off, and ceased to shiver. May the Lord direct me to the house of another good Samaritan like that honest negro pastor when next I am lost in the woods !

Feeling quite well next morning, I accompanied Mr Smith and one of his flock into the forest. The Indian had a gun, and we had not proceeded far before he knocked over a *guatuso*, a kind of rabbit, reddish brown in colour. The path, kept in order by the Indians, was lined with bananas and plantains, with here and there a silk-cotton tree or a cedar. Returning, the Indian shot another *guatuso*, and the two made an excellent stew, not unlike jugged hare. Next day the pastor himself guided me to the sawmills, where I took leave of him with many thanks.

By the kindness of Mr Spellman, the coast manager for a Boston firm engaged in the mahogany trade, I was enabled to embark on a small steamer, where I remained while she made several voyages to and from a larger vessel waiting out at sea for her cargo. On board I picked up a good deal of information concerning the mahogany business, and witnessed the process of shipping the logs, which contain from six hundred to twelve hundred superficial feet of timber, and sell, when landed, at from fivepence to tenpence per foot. The price, however, varies according to the condition of the wood, and whilst some sound logs of exceedingly beautiful grain or 'curl' have been sold for as much as seven shillings per foot, others, which arrive with the ends split or damaged, either from too long immersion in stagnant water, or by accident, may only realise threepence per foot. The value depends entirely

on the condition and the grain, and every shipment, no matter whence it comes, invariably contains many qualities.

I was on board the steamer *Yulu*, named after the Mosquito village in the care of the good Pastor Smith, when a raft of mahogany, collected at the first camp above the sawmills, was set free. At the river's mouth I witnessed the process of securing it until the *Yulu* could take it in tow and convey it to the sea-going vessel. On its arrival, a large-toothed grappling iron was attached to each log; an Indian, sitting astride, and balancing himself with the greatest difficulty, then wrenched out the iron pin, so releasing the log from its fellows, when the steam-winch lifted it up, and deposited it in the vessel's hold. One log, weighing about three tons, fell from the grappling iron into the water. Instantly an Indian swam to it with a rope between his teeth, and heedless of the sharks, which swarmed round the steamer, slipped a noose over it. It was a daring action. I believe that a white man would have been snapped up immediately, but I have seen many a black risk his life in a similar manner, and escape scot-free. Why this is so I am unable to explain.

The vessel was bound for Bluefields. I took the opportunity to accompany her.

'AND PARTY.'

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

'GONE! My diamonds gone!' exclaimed Mrs Lomax when Hetty had made her announcement. 'Impossible! who could have got in to steal them? People have been passing up and down the stairs and about the passages the whole evening. Harriet must have put them away.'

'Harriet has never left the supper-room the whole evening, mother,' said Hetty. 'Besides, you know she has strict orders never to touch your jewellery.'

'I can't believe it!' cried the distracted Mrs Lomax; 'they must be somewhere about. Oh! my beautiful diamonds which you gave me when we were married, John! If they are gone, I will never wear diamonds again.' And she burst into hysterical sobs and cries.

They went upstairs, and sought high and low. The servants were called up and questioned: so were the hired waiters, and the cloak-room man. All in vain. The diamonds were not to be found, and nobody could throw a ray of light upon the fact of their disappearance.

What was to be done? It was nearly four o'clock in the morning. The snow was lying in heavy drifts all about the house, and was still falling, so that no traces of footsteps could be utilised. Useless to telegraph, even if a telegraph-office could be found open, and the only train for anywhere at this time of morning—the up London mail—had left Crashford station an hour previously.

Hetty Lomax had given her word to Major Clifford that she would not repeat what he had told her about Mrs Enderby, but, putting two and two together—the fact that Mrs Enderby was already branded as a thief, that she had left the house suddenly and at an abnormally early hour, and the coincidence that this very night Major

Clifford should have seen a female figure in the neighbourhood of her mother's room, created such a feeling of suspicion in the girl's mind that she felt absolved from her promise, and hinted her opinion. Her father and mother of course laughed at it, but Hetty persisted, and in reply to their questions upon what grounds she suspected a lady who had been brought by such well-known people as the Carnegies, said:

'Because she has a past—and I know it.'

'But, my dear girl,' said her father, 'even if we grant that Mrs Enderby is quite capable of committing such an act, and I am very far from conceding it, is it at all likely that she would choose such an occasion for committing it? What possible opportunity could a lady, very much in request for her dancing and her liveliness generally, have for getting unnoticed into a bedroom?'

'The very fact of its unlikelihood would protect her,' replied Hetty. 'And as for her opportunity—well, I'm not a practical thief, but I would soon find an opportunity for doing what I wanted to if such diamonds as mother's were my object.'

Hetty clung to her opinion, but the problem now vexing her was how to act upon it. To drive over to the Towers and have a private interview with Mrs Enderby was the only course open, but she had no proof that Mrs Enderby was the thief, and she felt pretty sure that the woman who could commit so barefaced an act would be quite ready to assert her innocence without betraying an incriminating sign. Moreover, she might be mistaken, and the consequences of a mistake in so serious a matter as the accusing of a well-known society lady with theft were too terrible to be thought of. So she kept her own counsel, and did nothing. Time went on, and not a scrap of a clue to the thief of Mrs Lomax's diamonds was found, although London detectives took charge of the matter, and every step which ingenuity could suggest, and money pay for, was taken.

In due course Mr and Mrs Lomax went over to call upon Colonel Oxenden and to inquire about Mrs Oxenden, but the house was closed, and they were informed that Mrs Oxenden had been ordered to Egypt for the remainder of the winter.

Five months later, that is, in the month of April, the affair, which had been well-nigh forgotten by all but the sufferers, was recalled to public notice by a strange event.

Crashford—the market-town and centre of this part of Hopshire—boasted that it moved with the times. It did not, by a long way, but it persuaded itself that it did, and that was enough for the contentment of all. So, as every other town of any pretensions had a golf club, it was necessary for Crashford to have one, and a committee of public-spirited men was formed to select a site for links.

Blue Breezes Common, a wild tract of land, lying between Thrudown Hall and Crashford, was finally selected—a good nine-hole course, some very sporting bunkers, and easy of access to the town. At a certain point of the course, a footpath, known to very few people, leading from the Hall into Crashford town, cut across, and just here the open expanse of common was broken by

a 'spinney,' a collection of trees growing closely together in a circle out of a deepish excavation which had in past times been a gravel pit.

The outer edge of this plantation bordered the golf course, and the hole nearest to it was, from the awkwardness of this corner to all but accomplished drivers, known by the euphonious name of the 'Corker.'

Of course the links had to be formally opened, and the occasion was to be celebrated by a match between two well-known professionals, a members' handicap, and a dinner at the temporary club-house.

The day fixed was ideally April-like, and an ideal April day on an English common is not easily surpassed. All Crashford and neighbourhood worthy of consideration was present, and the bright spring costumes of the ladies, the red coats of the players, the cloud-dappled blue sky, the sunshine, and the beauty of the common and its surroundings, made up a healthy, cheery picture which would have inspired the veriest misanthrope for the nonce to think well of the world and of all in it.

The professionals played their match with a solemn and silent crowd tramping behind them, and cleared the 'Corker' with an ease and indifference which convinced every amateur duffer present that he could do the same. The members' handicap followed, and the 'Corker' received a goodly tribute of balls. In the gloaming a general adjournment to the club-house was made, and there was a grand rush of caddies to the 'Corker' for the purpose of picking up the balls in the spinney, to be sold at a cheap rate to the club 'pro' who would doctor them up a bit and re-sell them to members at eight shillings the dozen. Suddenly an urchin who had penetrated farther into the spinney than his fellows came rushing up, breathless and scared, crying:

'There's a skelinton in the Danes hole!'

Of course the rest of the youngsters left their quest for lost balls to view the discovery, and there, at the bottom of the excavation, they saw a heavily-coated figure lying in an easy posture of sleep, the hands thrust into the deep pockets, and, as the urchin had said, in the place of an ordinary head, a ghastly grinning skull.

The news was carried to the club-house, and a crowd of members were soon on their way to the scene of the discovery. They found that the clothes of the recumbent figure, much weather-stained and in some places falling to pieces, enshrouded the figure of a tall man.

'Some poor fellow who must have lost his way during the winter storms and have fallen into a snow-drift, which here would be twenty feet deep,' observed one man.

Upon undoing the ulster they found that the man was in evening dress, that he had a gold watch and chain, so that the skeleton was clearly that of no ordinary night wanderer. Upon withdrawing the hands from the pockets, each was found to be tightly clasped over a jewel-case.

'Mrs Lomax's diamonds!' exclaimed a bystander, a doctor. 'I remember them; they were lost upon the night of the December dance. It was a terrible night, for I was nearly snowed up myself.'

The question which now naturally suggested itself was, Who was the man?

There was a pocket-book in the coat; there was nothing in it to identify the owner, but there was distinct evidence that he was the thief, in the shape of a plan of Thrudown Hall approaches, and a map of the immediate neighbourhood upon which the short cut to Crashford across the common was strongly marked. In another pocket was a dance programme, the writing on which was barely decipherable, although the initials H. L. appeared more than once.

'Then the thief was either a guest at the dance or some fellow who had rigged himself up as a guest, and who had by virtue of his rig got into the house unnoticed,' said the doctor.

Just about the time of this discovery Colonel Oxenden and his wife returned to the Grange from Egypt, and the first people to welcome them home were their old friends, the Lomaxes.

Conversation naturally turned upon the loss and recovery of Mrs Lomax's diamonds, and in the course of chat Hetty recounted what Major Clifford had said about the figure he had seen moving in the neighbourhood of Mrs Lomax's bedroom.

'Major Clifford? who's he?' asked Colonel Oxenden.

'Why,' replied the squire, 'your guest here, who came to our dance as the representative of your "party."'

'Major Clifford!—our guest!—representative of our party!' exclaimed the colonel. 'Why, I don't know anybody of the name, and we had nobody staying in the house at the time.'

Mr and Mrs Lomax and Hetty exchanged looks of astonishment.

'But, dear,' said Mrs Lomax to Mrs Oxenden, 'in your note of regret—which, by the way, I remember observing was not written at all in your usual hand—you said that as our card of invitation was marked "And party," you hoped we would receive as your representative an old service friend of your husband's, Major Clifford.'

'My dear,' replied Mrs Oxenden, 'I could not have done so, for, as my husband says, we know no one of the name, and there was no one in the house but ourselves.'

'Well,' said the colonel, 'there's a funny misunderstanding somewhere. Let's send for John. He took the note.'

So John Thompson was rung for, and duly appeared.

'John,' said his master, 'you remember taking a note over to Thrudown Hall on the day when your mistress was first taken ill?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the coachman. 'Leastways, I—I didn't take the note all the way myself.'

'Didn't take the note all the way yourself! What do you mean?'

'Why, sir, it was this way. A few 'undred yards from the 'all I met Captain Mercer—you remember him, sir, what used to be of ours, he were called the Black Captain!'

'Mercer! that blackguard! I see it all now!'

exclaimed the colonel. 'Well, go on.'

'Well, sir, he said as how he were stayin' at Squire Lomax's, and offered to take the note in himself, and as I were in a bit of a 'urry, I didn't see no 'arm in savin' myself a quarter of a hour, so I give it him.'

'All right; that will do. Don't be in such a hurry another time,' said the colonel. 'If you hadn't given up the note, Mrs Lomax wouldn't have lost her diamonds.'

The crestfallen John saluted, and left the room.

'It's all as clear as noonday,' said the colonel. 'This fellow Mercer was one of the biggest scoundrels who ever wore uniform. He had to send in his papers at last for a lot of shady operations in which he had been concerned—one he carried off on Mrs Enderby, wife of Bill Enderby, of the P. W. D., about a horse, and another, which wasn't brought straight home to him, about the imitation of a signature. I've never seen him since, but I heard that he'd gone regularly in for the swindling and robbing business, and that he'd served two or three terms for it.'

'Oh! what a wicked man!' exclaimed Hetty Lomax. 'He paid me such attention, and I thought him quite the nicest man at the dance. Then it isn't true what he told me about Mrs Enderby—that he'd found her out cheating at cards?'

'The Gay Grass Widow cheating at cards! Ha! ha! that's too bad!' laughed the colonel. 'Mrs Enderby liked a bit of fun as well as anybody, and went the pace in a ladylike way, but cheat at cards! not she!'

'Oh, how relieved I am!' said Hetty; 'and what a narrow escape I had of disgracing myself by accusing her of having taken mother's diamonds!'

'Then this rascal must have kept my wife's note,' said the colonel, 'rewritten it with his own embellishment, and posted it, for we didn't get it until the next morning.'

'Well, well!' said the squire. 'It's an ill wind that blows no good, and the bad weather at any rate relieved the world of a villain.'

THE 'MOUNTAIN MYSTERY' OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

By C. M'KAY SMITH.

READERS of the morning papers will have observed, among other items of cablegraphic news, a paragraph from Sydney, New South Wales, announcing the conviction and sentencing to death for murder, and later, on July 16, the execution of the notorious Frank Butler, whose surrender to colonial jurisdiction by process of extradition was made by the San Francisco authorities in February last. The criminal jurisdiction in Sydney had a considerable number of *aliases* from which to choose, as this fellow in careering round the world, sometimes as a soldier, sometimes as a sailor, frequently as a deserter, once as a West Australian policeman, and always as a scoundrel, was in the habit of taking a new departure in nomenclature at all times when prompted either by the exigencies of a career wholly criminal, or, as might be, in an occasional spirit of bravado or caprice. He was indifferently Frank Butler, Frank Harwood, Simpson, Clare, Newman, Richard Ashe, Lee Weller, Burgess—

a list which is probably far from exhaustive, 'Lee Weller' and 'Burgess' he temporarily borrowed from two of his victims respectively so called.

The events crowded into this paper cover little more than the concluding six months; are, in short, merely the finishing fringe of a blood-stained career. Our immediate concern with Butler falls between the dates of August 1896 and April 1897. What is left unrevealed may be not inaptly inferred from a remark made by him in a moment of unsophistication to Detective Roche on the voyage from San Francisco to Sydney: 'I ought rightly to have been hung fifteen years ago.' Before his execution he had, however, confessed to four murders.

About November of last year rumours were heard in Sydney of persons who had mysteriously disappeared from all knowledge whether of relations or friends. One of these was a young fellow named Arthur Preston, of respectable parentage and irreproachable antecedents. Another was Captain Lee Weller, a sea-captain by profession, and more or less of a world-rover by choice; but in all respects a man of worth, held in good repute by those who knew him. Yet another was a man named Burgess. As rumour began to congeal it got to be remembered that both Preston and the real Lee Weller had been met with, not as one party, but separately, in the company of the person subsequently identified as Butler, in the neighbourhood of Glenbrook, in the Blue Mountains, somewhere about forty to forty-five miles from Sydney. In camping in the ranges, the professed object, as effusively explained by Butler to chance wayfarers, was that of prospecting for gold. About mid-October Butler, under the *alias* of 'Clare,' had put up for about a week at the Railway Dining-rooms, George Street, Sydney, the proprietor of which, Mr E. Thompson, subsequently remembered having had his attention directed to an advertisement, 'Wanted, a mate for a prospecting trip in "equal shares,"' a bait which, as subsequently appeared, was the one systematically used by Butler for the entrapment of his victims in the first instance. From Mr Thompson's evidence given at Preston's inquest—if for the moment events may be slightly anticipated—it would seem that Preston must have responded to Butler's (*alias* Clare's) advertisement, as on 19th October last the two set out together for Glenbrook, Thompson being their accidental fellow-passenger as far as Emu Plains, a point on the railway line about five miles short of the ultimate destination. Three days later, on the night of 22d October, Preston and Butler were seen together by one George Campbell, at the head of a gully near 'Numantia.' From that date poor young Preston disappears from human ken until the afternoon of 3d December, when his festering remains were discovered by a search-party aided by a black tracker, which for several days had been patiently although not very hopefully investigating the forest recesses in a very rugged line of country, on the chance of being able to rescue the missing youth if in need, or alternatively of discovering any possible trace of him. In a gully between the Numantia and

Linden platforms of the western main line of railway, and about ten miles higher up the line than Glenbrook, a mound of freshly-turned earth under a rocky ledge attracted attention. On this being upturned, the party, which included several police-officers, came upon what was left on the world's surface of Arthur Preston, with a shot-wound through the skull, from which death, in the language of a professional witness who gave evidence before the coroner, must have been practically instantaneous. Notwithstanding the processes of decay, the features were clearly defined as in life, and the identification of the victim was complete.

The murder of Captain Lee Weller is but little more than a repeat of that of Preston. From the laying of the advertising bait until the discovery of the remains, the means used were almost identical; and the short interval between the two events indicated a nefarious activity suggestive of a determination to get through as much work as possible before flying the country. Lee Weller, a well-set-up figure in the prime of his days, was last seen alive and in Butler's company on the 31st October. His dead body, in a quite horrifying attitude, was found on Sunday, 6th December, in a deserted gully a little more than a mile from the Glenbrook railway station. The grave was about three feet long, and the visual effect of the compression necessary to ensure concealment in the limited space was such as almost to overwhelm the strong men of the constabulary upon whom fell the terrible function of exhumation and removal, necessitated as well by the requirements of justice as by considerations of decent re-consignment to earth's bosom. Very possibly Lee Weller was in more or less happy unconsciousness of his transition from life to death. He was shot through the head from behind, and by a rifle and not a pistol bullet. His identification as in the other instance left no room for doubt. His friend Mr Biggs, of the Pier Hotel, Manly—a coastal watering-place near Sydney—whose evidence was taken at the inquest, was one of several who did not in the least participate in the confidence reposed by him in the man Butler, and who jointly with Mr Luckham, a journalist, with whom Weller was also on terms of intimacy, warned him in no doubtful terms against the folly of entering into quasi-partnership with this wholly unknown human quantity.

These brutal murders had no ostensible object beyond the capture of what might be found upon the persons of the respective victims; but as Captain Lee Weller is said to have left Sydney plentifully provided with cash, besides a considerable quantity of jewellery, this part of the speculation may after all not have panned-out so badly.

A third victim named Burgess has been referred to. This one, also in his early manhood, was in reality the first of Butler's known victims, although the latest in the order of discovery. Here the *venue* is changed. The Black Range, about four hundred miles from Sydney, is the scene of this particular tragedy. Burgess was last seen in Butler's company near a place called Bimberry on 25th August last; but there being nothing at or about that time to suggest the presumption of foul play, it was supposed by his intimates that he might have betaken himself for purposes of

legitimate mining adventure to West Australia or other distant gold-field. The discoveries of the bodies of Preston and Lee Weller, however, pointed to the probability of another and more tragical conclusion in Burgess's case, and an investigation of the ranges by searchers, moved by the hope of earning a substantial reward, which had in the meantime been announced, resulted in the discovery on 20th January of his body, done to death by a bullet wound, fired from behind in the usual way. In this instance, and owing to the longer interval, the flesh of the face, scalp, and neck had become decomposed, and personal identification was well-nigh impossible, but other means of arriving at the truth were not wanting. 'After the murders of Weller and Preston,' observes a Sydney newspaper, 'some of the effects of the men were appropriated by the murderer, while other articles, especially clothing, were flung about anywhere, as if the culprit had become too excited and anxious to know what he was doing. There are evidences of the same trepidation or frenzy after the Black Range murder. Burgess must have taken off his coat near the spot where he began digging the hole in which he was afterwards buried. The coat was found about twenty yards away, and seemed to have been thrown down as the murderer was hurrying out of the scrub back to the track leading down to the camp.'

Fortunately Butler had in a moment of unusual exuberance of sentiment left a photograph of himself with a respectable waitress at Gillham's dining-house in Sydney. As soon as the hue-and-cry set in this was at once placed in the hands of the authorities. It is not overstating the case to observe that in the absence of this one link—this blunder so to term it—Butler would to a moral certainty have been a free man to-day, with every opportunity of making further distinction for himself in the art of exterminating his species. At every stage of the various inquests reduplicated copies of this sun-picture led to his immediate recognition as in each instance the partner or companion of the murdered men. Even then his case had not been a hopeless one but for a second act of almost incredible folly. The effects stolen from Captain Lee Weller included the sea-going certificates and papers of that gentleman. Proceeding to Newcastle (N.S.W.) about 14th November, Butler had the audacity to adopt the name along with the title-deeds; and after loafing about the place for rather over a week he shipped as 'able seaman Lee Weller' on board the sailing ship *Svanhilda*, which left Newcastle for San Francisco with a cargo of coal on the 23d of that month. At that date the disappearance of Preston, Weller, and Burgess were disappearances and nothing more. Suspicion had not reached the acute stage. But in early December the full murders stood revealed, and the criminal was badly 'wanted.' Detective Machattie, a highly-efficient member of the constabulary stationed at Newcastle, had a sufficiently acute recollection of spotting the spurious 'Lee Weller' while that person kept loitering about the port; and when it came to be known that the real owner of the name had to a practical certainty met with foul play, Machattie, who on 28th November first obtained a view of one of the copies of Butler's likeness, evinced no hesitation in at once pronouncing it as doubly representing the able

seaman of the *Swanhilda* and the missing malefactor. Conroy, who fortuitously joined the police force in Sydney the very day the *Swanhilda* left Newcastle, and whom Butler had some little time before tried to victimise in the usual fashion, was also able to recognise his man in the copy of the photograph exhibited to him by Detective Roche, a superior officer of the force; but the connecting link, the recognition of Butler as one and the same person with the able seaman of the *Swanhilda*, was Machattie's notable contribution to the location of the murderer. All further doubt was from this point at an end, and the machinery was at once set in motion for the interception of the murderer before being made free of the shore at San Francisco. Roche, Machattie, and Conroy were the officers detached for that purpose, a task which, with many vexatious delays in carrying the case through the rather formidable complications of the American courts, they have successfully and most creditably accomplished, reaching Sydney with their prisoner on 27th April.

The voyage of the *Swanhilda* to San Francisco was not an uninterrupted one. The S.S. *Taupo*, trading between the Australian continent and the South Seas, came within 'speaking' distance of the ship some ten days or so after her leaving port. The *Taupo* signalled 'have important communication to make.' The *Swanhilda* at once backed her yards and waited for the coming alongside of an officer from the *Taupo* with a batch of Auckland (N.Z.) newspapers in his possession, in which appeared summarised cablegraphic particulars from Sydney of the first two inquests as well as the identification of Butler with the pretended Lee Weller. Every care was taken and successfully so to conceal the object of the *Taupo's* communication from all but Captain Fraser and his first officer, who, upon scanning the newspapers after the officer of the *Taupo's* departure, at once became conscious that the Glenbrook murderer and the sham Lee Weller were one and the same person. The cause alleged throughout the ship for the *Taupo's* visit was that of reporting the recent discovery of some uncharted reefs. While the boat was alongside, and her officer closeted with Captain Fraser, one of the crew of the *Swanhilda*, subsequently ascertained by his own admission to have been Butler, accosted the *Taupo* boat's crew over the ship's side with the query, 'What do you want here?'—a query which was left unreplyed to. Captain Fraser and his chief, with a considerable amount of nerve, decided after anxious consultation that the preferable course would be that of keeping their own counsel, at the same time to quietly keep their man under view. As the days passed they were the more satisfied with the wisdom of this course in the evident absence of suspicion in Butler's mind, being at the same time probably enough influenced by the man's efficiency as a seaman and his quiet demeanour as a member of the crew. It is evident that even upon arrival at the American port Butler was without premonition of the disagreeable surprise awaiting him, a thing not so remarkable when it is remembered that in his own mind his precautions for obscuring his victims from the sight of men in the untrodden depths of barren and pathless mountain ranges would have secured to him, if not absolute immunity from danger, at least a

sufficient interval to protract discovery to a period when a new *alias* and a new sphere of operation would have obliterated all trace of his handiwork in New South Wales.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Most persons who have had photographic experience are apt to regard any alleged discovery of the art of producing sun-pictures in the colours of nature with incredulity; for many such discoveries have been made, and all have ended in disappointment. Photography in colour has indeed been a fruitful field for the adventurer and the speculator; for such a scheme is attractive to the ignorant, and upon the ignorance of others such persons thrive. Several processes by which photographs may be produced in colour have recently been brought forward, and specimens, not very satisfactory to competent critics, have been exhibited. Perhaps the method which has been most talked about is that known as the Dansac-Chassagne process, which the Society of Arts, London, has to some extent taken under its wing. Much was expected of this new discovery, which, it was said, enabled any one, by means of certain solutions poured over a photographic print, to endow the picture with what was termed 'selective absorption,' so that when afterwards immersed in baths of various dyes the colours would attach themselves in their proper places—the blue to the sky, the green to the trees, and so forth. The secretary of the above-named society now writes to the technical papers to say that certain modifications must be made in his statements previously put forward with regard to this process, and our readers will be able to judge from the following quotation from his remarks how far the 'selective absorption' theory can be sustained: 'Judging from the work of the skilled operators whom I have watched in M. Chassagne's studio, I can only say that in their hands the process is certainly not entirely automatic. The operator requires to know generally what the colours should be, and the results largely depend on his judgment and skill in applying the colour in the right places.'

The pigeon-flying contest promoted by the Leeds Homing Society afforded a good instance of the remarkable instinct possessed by carrier-pigeons in finding their way home from a distant point, as well as an illustration of the great rapidity of their flight. The birds were taken to Rennes, in France, a place about 100 miles south of Cherbourg, and started on their journey at half-past five in the morning. The first bird, a two-year-old black chequer, arrived at Leeds before six o'clock on the same evening, having travelled at the rate of 900 yards per minute—assuming that it flew in a straight line from start to finish.

Part of a huge octopus, the proportions of which must throw all descriptions of such an animal by imaginative writers into the shade, was lately cast upon the beach near St Augustine, Florida.

Professor Verrill, of Yale University, examined this curious derelict, and believed it to be a distinct species from all known forms, and has suggested that it should be named *Octopus giganteus*. The part of the creature thrown up by the sea weighed six tons, and it is calculated that the living animal must have had a length of 26 feet and a girth of 5 feet, with arms 72 feet long, provided with suckers as large as dinner-plates.

The closing years of the century are bringing forth many new and strange designs for ships. The French roller ship, of which so much was expected, must have disappointed her admirers, for she has as yet only attained a speed of six knots; but we learn that better results are looked for later on. In Italy a vessel of novel construction is now in progress. Its framework consists of round wrought-iron bars, to which is fixed a close network of iron having meshes of a quarter of an inch. Inside and out this network receives a coating of fine concrete, which finally is rubbed down and polished so as to diminish liquid friction. This method of construction involves more weight in the hull than that attached to a wooden ship of the same size, but considerably less than one plated with metal. The result of this new departure in shipbuilding will be watched with great interest.

Mr William Tate has crowned a series of handsome gifts to his fellow-countrymen by presenting London with a palatial building, a National Gallery of British Art, and has furnished it with sixty-five valuable paintings, the total cost of the noble benefaction being about £200,000. To these pictures have been added a contingent from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and the fine collection purchased for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. For the first time in the history of British art the student can study that art as a whole, so far as it is represented by works produced during the present century. The gift, besides being one of far-reaching good to the country, is a noble example to the rich, showing them what a superb monument a generous man can raise for himself to keep his memory green. The new gallery, a very beautiful building, stands on the banks of the Thames near Vauxhall, on the site once occupied by an extremely ugly and gloomy erection which was devoted to a far less noble purpose, Millbank Prison.

In a lecture before the Edinburgh Association of Science and Arts, which has just been published, Mr George Somerville, a practical engineer, draws attention once more to the marvellous improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel during the Victorian era. He pays a well-deserved tribute to James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, with whom he came personally into contact. He was much impressed by his extraordinary energy and genius; and, being ambidextrous, he was able to draw or sketch or handle a hammer or chisel with either hand. The laboratory or workshop in his own home he called 'Fireside.' Even though sitting in church, when a new idea came across his brain he rose and walked off to his workshop, and made a drawing, or, in order to preserve it in form, he would either forge it in iron or make a wooden pattern. The work of Lord Armstrong and Joseph Whitworth is also mentioned; and he

says that, for several years before the expiry of his patents, Sir Henry Bessemer's profits from the royalties, &c. on his new method of steel-making were £500,000 a year. He calculates the saving to the world in cost on the Bessemer method, as compared to iron of the same weight, at £40,000,000 annually. He heard Bessemer say in 1862 that a rail made by his methods, put into a busy crossing alongside an iron rail, stood while twenty-three iron rails were replaced. The Siemens-Martin process is also described, the Forth Bridge steel having been made by this open-hearth method; while he speaks hopefully of nickel steel, the latest improvement, as it is fibrous, without the treacherous brittleness of carbon steel. It is largely used by the British and foreign governments for armour plates. The steamer which Messrs Harland & Wolff, Belfast, are building for the White Star Line is of larger dimensions and greater power and speed than any steamship afloat, being 700 feet long, or 20 feet more than the *Great Eastern*, 'as it is considered that 15,000 horse-power is about the limit of safety to pass through a single shaft of mild steel.' The shafts are being forged of this latest and most improved nickel steel, its elastic limit being so much higher.

The invention of an improved kind of diving-bell is reported from Paris. It consists of a steel-plated bowl or globe about 10 feet in diameter, and weighing as many tons, which can be propelled along a river-bottom by the agency of electricity. For the admission of the crew, consisting of from four to six persons, a manhole is provided, and the cabin contains sufficient air—so it is said—to last them forty-eight hours! The crew can communicate with a boat, or with the adjacent land, by telephone, and when they wish to ascend they simply overturn two tanks filled with ballast. This wonderful machine has recently been employed in exploring the bed of the Seine, and its inventor has sanguine hopes that it will do remarkable things in deep-sea work, the discovery of the exact whereabouts of the ill-fated *Drummond Castle* being mentioned as one of the possibilities in store for it. It will also be useful in repairing cables, and in the pearl and sponge fisheries. There appears to be no pump or air-supply to this newfangled diving-bell, and unless the inventor has learnt how to override the laws of nature, he will find that at a certain depth his strange vessel will become half-full of water. In the old-fashioned diving-bell the function of the air-tube is to keep the water out, besides furnishing fresh oxygen for the inmates.

Hang-chau, or Hang-chow, a Chinese city situated about 210 miles south-west of Shanghai, has since the Japanese war been opened up to foreign trade, and the first British consular report from it, now to hand, gives more information about the place than was previously obtainable. It is a great emporium of the silk trade, there being no fewer than 7000 hand-loom in the place. The silk manufactured is of the finest quality, all that is required for the imperial household being made here. The city is prosperous, and clean compared with other cities of the empire, is thirteen miles in circumference, and has ten gates. Temples, pagodas, and other picturesque buildings are placed on the hills, embosomed in the foliage of azaleas, honeysuckle, and bamboo.

The country round about is well cultivated, the mulberry-tree being planted wherever possible. Foreigners are not subject to the abuse they experience in other parts of China, the natives being fully alive to the advantages of trading with them. Here is the famous Hang-chau bore, or tidal wave, formed by the north-east trade-wind heaping up the waters of the Pacific and driving them into the funnel-shaped bay. The sea-wave, being confronted by the current of the river running in the opposite direction, forms a solid wall of water fifteen feet in height, which rushes up the narrow stream at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

It may be mentioned here, as a matter of great interest to silk-weavers nearer home, that at St Étienne no fewer than 1200 looms are being worked by electricity produced from a central station. Two-thirds of these looms are in the town, and the remainder in the surrounding districts, even up to thirty miles distant. The price charged by the company supplying this current is only 8s. per month for each loom, with an allowance of 4d. per day when the loom is idle. The production of silk per loom is increased no less than 25 per cent. by this innovation, and many poor weavers who were incapacitated by age and lack of strength are now able to resume work under the improved conditions.

In the recent report of the operations of the Royal Mint an interesting note occurs with reference to the suitability of the steel employed for making dies. It seems that there has always been a great uncertainty with reference to this matter, so much so that an engraver, after having devoted months of work in the preparation of a die, was always uncertain whether the metal would stand the hardening process successfully. Hitherto the steel employed was subjected to careful chemical analysis before the graver touched it, a most laborious process. But now far more information as to the suitability of the steel for this special purpose is afforded by placing a thin section of it beneath the microscope and photographing the enlarged image. It seems to be rather a reversal of the ordinary course of things to be able to judge from its visual appearance rather than from chemical analysis whether a material possesses the particular properties desirable.

The natural astonishment caused by the discovery of the X-rays has not yet abated, if we may judge by the constant references to them in the press. We frequently hear, chiefly from foreign sources, of the wonderful new uses to which these mysterious rays are being put. The last novelty in this direction is the employment of the rays for the examination of passengers' luggage by the Customs authorities in order to detect the presence of dutiable goods. Elaborate trials have been made in Paris of this new system of espionage, and, it is said, with marked success; cigars, tobacco, lace, and other hidden luxuries being discerned with the greatest ease without unlocking or opening the receptacles in which they are concealed. Great results are anticipated by the sapient officials from this new application of the Röntgen rays. But it is unfortunate that none of those same officials had that elementary knowledge of the subject which would at once suggest that a tinfoil cover to any package would

at once render it impenetrable by the rays. Thus, if two packages, one of soap and the other of tobacco, were so protected, the most accomplished X-ray worker could not distinguish the one from the other.

Can sound be photographed? This is the problem which the ingenious Professor Boys—who has already photographed a bullet in its flight, with certain invisible disturbances of the air which accompany it—has set himself to solve. It came about in this way. A reliable correspondent had alleged that he had watched, after an explosion of dynamite on a sunshiny day, the shadow of the wave of sound travelling over the ground for a distance of quite half a mile, the shadow being so distinct that he felt certain it could be photographed. Thereupon Professor Boys obtained permission from Mr Maxim, of machine-gun fame, to be present when he was next exploding dynamite. Professor Boys saw the shadow plainly, but was unable to secure its image in the camera. Mr Maxim suggests that what is thought to be the shadow of the sound-wave may very reasonably be a progressive bending down of the grass-blades, dust, &c. as the explosive wave passes. It is evident that further observation is necessary. If the phenomenon is seen in the absence of sunshine, it would certainly point to the truth of Mr Maxim's surmise.

If Mr Hudson Maxim's view be correct, a naval force of the future will differ as much from the wondrous spectacle afforded by the recent review at Spithead as that exhibition of war-ships differed from one possible in Nelson's time. In a paper read before the Royal United Service Institution on the subject of his recently invented 'aerial torpedo,' he pointed out that for some years there had been a race for supremacy between guns and ships' armour. But now that it was possible to throw high explosives in sufficiently large quantities to render armour of no avail, navies would discard that useless means of defence, and everything on shipboard would be made subservient to speed and mobility. Guns of far larger calibre would be used, but they would have thinner walls, and would therefore be proportionately lighter; the projectile would consist of a thin shell of metal containing a mass of explosive which would work infinitely more destruction than the projectiles thrown at present from the heaviest guns. Comparing the Whitehead torpedo with his suggested aerial torpedo, Mr Maxim said that the effective range of the former, carrying a charge of 200 lb. of gun-cotton, was less than one mile; while the latter, with a charge of 1400 lb. of a more energetic explosive, would have a range more than five times as great. He further said that at the present cost of one battle-ship a fleet of torpedo cruisers could be built capable of destroying a thousand such battle-ships. From all this it will be seen that the future navy will be a huge man-slaying machine, without any opportunity for the exhibition of personal courage or heroism. Surely under such conditions no nation which respects itself will care to boast that it 'rules the waves.'

In a recent issue of the French scientific periodical *La Nature*, M. Paul Ménéges asks the question why we should not regard monkeys

as our friends, and bases their claim to this distinction upon their intelligence and the ease with which they may be trained. The monkey, he tells us, has a bad name simply because he is spoilt, as children are spoilt. It is true that all monkeys have not the same amount of intelligence, but most varieties can be readily trained, and the imitative faculty with which they are so strongly endowed permits them to learn all kinds of feats very rapidly. At one establishment in Hamburg two hundred monkeys are kept, and they enjoy complete liberty of movement. They are given playthings like children have, and they use them with intelligence. Here there is an immense grain receptacle or hopper, full of seeds, nuts, and other dainties beloved of monkeys. These delicacies fall into a trough below when a wheel at the top of the hopper is turned. The monkeys learnt to do this without instruction, and when one animal has had his turn at the wheel he signals to another to be relieved, and joins the feasters at the trough below.

TOLD BESIDE THE BINNACLE.

ONE golden September afternoon, a brig called the *Alice*, of London, was running towards the land, bound for the little port of Fordham on the southern coast. A steady breeze coming over the water filled her sails and sent her slipping along at quite a record pace. The rich, warm sunlight turned her gray and patched canvas into gossamer, gave an airy lightness to her clumsy spars, flashed from the binnacle cover and cabin skylight, brightened up the bit of green paint on her deck-house, and sparkled in the spray that shot up from under her bow as she rose and fell with the motion of the waves till it looked like showers of diamonds. Shorewards, the faint outline of the land was just discernible through a veil of purple haze. Overhead the sky was flecked with clouds that were ever changing in their shape and tints; and as for the surface of the sea, the hues of it that September afternoon would have defied the brush of the finest artist that ever lived.

It was an ideal sailor's day, and the mate of the *Alice* seemed to think so as he stood at the wheel, bringing his eyes every now and again off the compass case to glance aloft at the swelling canvas, or away over the iridescent sea. He was a young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, keen of eye and strong of limb, with no traces of gold lace or fine broadcloth about him—his dress being an old pair of check trousers, a blue jersey, and a cloth cap. Beside him stood the skipper, thirty years older, with a fiery face and moist eyes—an ugly customer if you put him out, but on the whole a kindly-natured man, who knew every headland and every sandbank round the British coast. Now and then you caught sight of a shaggy figure in shirt and trousers moving about the deck forward, and the sound of voices came aft from the forecabin.

The *Alice* had never sailed better. Already the little port was in sight, and pretty enough it looked as they approached it, with the spars of the ship peeping up above the breakwater, behind

them the red-tiled roofs of the houses on the quayside, and behind these again the great square tower of Fordham Church, a landmark to mariners for many a century, and all set in a frame of chalk cliffs, green hills and woodland, and lighted up with the golden sunshine that caught every scrap of colour that was anywhere about, from the bit of bunting on a ship's masthead to the white houses upon the hillside at the back of the town. To enter the harbour to-day was child's play.

'If you keep yonder church about eight points on your port bow it'll take you straight in,' said the skipper.

'I dare say you could find your way in blindfolded,' remarked the mate.

The old man grunted and shrugged his shoulders. 'I ought to,' he answered. 'I've known it as man and boy these fifty years, and many's the time I've had to feel my way in, as you may say. Only last winter I brought up off here in a fog that thick you couldn't see half-a-mile ahead of you, a slack tide and a light wind. But I got in without a scrape.'

'Another time, I was in charge of a topsail schooner, got caught in a gale in the Channel and lost our topmast. A heavy sea was running across the bar, and thick snow squalls hid the land every now and again. I put two men at the wheel, kept the lead going, told all hands to hold on like grim death, and got in without parting a rope-yarn; but I wouldn't care to do it again. It's all right when you get inside; but, as you can see for yourself, when you get a strong sou'-wester and a heavy sea it's a dangerous port to make. The timbers of many a stout craft are scattered along this coast in winter time. Have I ever bin ashore here? Yes!—Twice. The first time I made a mistake in the tides, and grounded outside the bar, but luckily it was fair weather and she came off safely next tide. The next time, I thought it was all up with us. We were being towed out in the teeth of half a gale when the hawser parted and we fouled the pier, carrying away all the head-gear, and went ashore just inside the breakwater. If it had been outside, she'd ha' bin smashed into matchwood before morning. But though I've bin in and out of Fordham sometimes two or three times a year for the last fifty years, I never see that church without bein' reminded of my first voyage, and its ending. I was a slip of a lad, barely fifteen at the time, and I'd shipped aboard a ketch called the *Pride of Rochester*, for want of a better craft. You know what that means—little food and plenty of ropes' end, that was my fare. The skipper was a savage and a drunken one too, and I believe if it hadn't bin for the mate, a man named Tucker, I should ha' bin pitched overboard before the voyage was over. We were bound here with a cargo of slates. The weather was fine, and we had a good passage. As soon as we'd discharged the cargo, we hauled out into the river to wait for orders. The skipper he goes ashore, and right glad I was to see the back of him, leaving me and Bob Tucker—that was the mate—aboard.

'He was a decent sort o' chap, and I think I'd ha' done pretty well anything for him for savin' me from the captain. He tried his best to persuade me to give up seafarin' and settle down to some trade ashore, and used to tell me some

o' the things he'd gone through since he'd bin to sea. I don't know how many times he hadn't bin shipwrecked; but though I was pretty sick of it myself, I wouldn't own up to it, and used to think it would be grand to be able to tell such yarns as he could. Ah! I don't suppose he ever thought that was to be his last voyage, but it was. It happened like this. We'd been lyin' out in the river for over a week, when there came a change in the weather, and after a cloudy and unsettled day or two the wind got away to the sou'-west and began to pipe up strong, and in a few hours it was blowin' a heavy gale. Craft caught in the Channel ran for the nearest shelter. Brigs and schooners came in with torn sails and splintered spars, and one or two o' the fishin'-boats came to grief on the bar. Before long there was a pretty lively sea all round the coast, and it was washing clean over the pier-heads yonder. So you may guess that even inside we felt it. The ketch, bein' light, pitched and rolled at her anchorage like a cork; but we rode with a good bit o' cable, and there was no other craft near us.

'The next night the gale was at its height. Heavy gusts o' wind swept across the harbour, whistling and shrieking wildly amongst the riggin', and bringing up with them squalls o' thick rain that hid the lights o' the town altogether.

'I was on deck keepin' watch, cold, wet, and miserable, when I noticed that the cable every now and again seemed to jerk and rattle as it had not done before. So I went aft and told the mate, who was smokin' in the cabin.

"By God! she's dragging," he shouted, as soon as he'd bin on deck a few moments. "We shall be ashore before we know where we are. Bear a hand here, lad. Smart's the word now!" and he laid hold o' the painter o' the little boat that was bobbin' up and down astern o' us.

'Hand over hand we got it alongside, and I picked up courage to ask him what he was goin' to do.

"Goin' to do? Why, I'm goin' ashore to get help. You and I can't get out another anchor alone. You keep a sharp lookout, and when you hear me call show a light over the side," and with that he was gone.

'I didn't like bein' left alone, you may be sure. I was only a youngster, you must remember, and it was my first voyage. I thought she'd go ashore and break up whilst he was gone, and then I should be drowned; and the next moment I wondered whether he would get back safely. How long he was away I don't know. It seemed to me like hours. I strained my ears to listen for his voice, and during one of the momentary lulls in the howling of the gale I heard yonder church bells strike nine. And still the anchor dragged, and still we drifted. At last I caught the sound of a shout far off. I jumped up and waved the lantern over the side. Then came another wait, followed by another shout this time clear and close at hand. Again I showed the light, and the next moment I heard the splash of oars alongside, and the mate and a stranger, both drippin' wet from head to foot, clambered on deck. Then we turned to get out a kedge. We got the spare anchor up from the hold, bent on a stout hawser to it, and prepared to lower it into the boat. Bob Tucker and the stranger

got into the boat, and bade me "lower away" when I was told. But exactly what happened next in the darkness and confusion I could never clearly remember. The gale seemed to have got ten times worse. It was difficult to hear one's self speak. If possible, too, it seemed to have got darker: I could just faintly see the forms of the two men moving about in the boat as it tossed alongside. Suddenly I heard agonising shouts for help. I looked over the side, and the boat was gone.

'Frightened? I should just think I was frightened! I added my shouts to theirs; but you might as well have spoken in a whisper for all anybody would have heard you that night. I rushed wildly to and fro, throwing over ropes' ends and anything I could lay my hands upon. I felt horribly helpless as I listened to their cries getting fainter and fainter until at last they ceased altogether, and I knew that they were drowned. I can't tell ye what I felt like for the rest of that night. I dare not go down below, and even on deck I fancied I could see their faces close beside me: and their cries were ringing in my ears. I forgot all about the gale and the danger of going ashore. But sure enough we did go ashore; when daylight broke I found that the ketch was lying on her bilge on the mud. Then I got into the rigging and shouted and waved my arms, until at last some one came off to me. They wouldn't believe me at first; but in the course of the day poor old Tucker's body was picked up, and the boat was found floating, bottom upwards, by a fisherman. As for the ketch, which had cost the mate his life, she took no harm, and was got off safe and sound next tide.

'That cured me of seafarin' for a time. I stayed ashore for a year or two; but then the old longin' came back, and I went north in a collier. But I never see yonder church without thinkin' of poor old Bob Tucker and his fate.'

THE BUTTERFLY—AN ALLEGORY.

BORN with the spring, to die when fades the rose,
Floating on zephyr's wings through purest air,
Poised on the breast of flow'rs when they unclose,
Perfumes and azure light his summer fare!
On vans of fluttering velvet lightly springing,
Faint as a breath through boundless heaven winging,
Such destiny the butterfly attends!
He seems like young Desire that knows no rest,
And tasting earthly pleasure still unblest,
To heaven at last in quest of joy ascends.

GEORGE MONREAL.

*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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